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THE MUTE AND OTHER POEMS.

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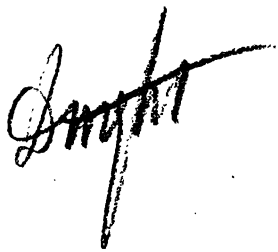

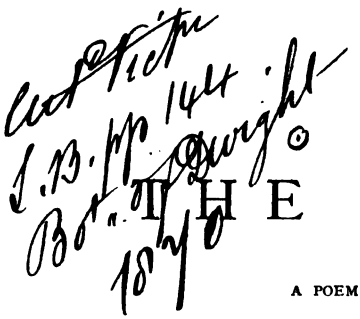

THE MUTE;

A POEM OF VICTORIA.

AND OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN OWEN TUCKER

(Author of "The Golden Spring," &c.).

Melbourne:

H. T. DWIGHT, BOURKE STREET EAST.

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To James Smith, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

IN my humble efforts to attain a position in the early literature of Victoria, it has been my good fortune to obtain the friendly counsel and encouragement of some of her best citizens; among these I may rank yourself, for upon no occasion have I appealed to you in vain for that help which has been so beneficial in somewhat smoothing the numbers of my verse. It is, then, a source of the greatest pleasure to me that the publication of this work gives me the honor of dedicating to the poet and scholar the following productions.

Wishing that you may long live to tender to others that literary aid which has always been gratefully accepted by me,

I beg to remain,

Ever your obliged and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE MUTE.

I.

MUSE of the hours—nay, minutes—that I steal
From the lone nights, woo from the o'ercharged brain!
This mental texture, mirrored from the real
Belongings of the past, so that nor vain
Somewhat may live amid a country's weal;
E'en as th' well-matched dame in life's meridian
Surveys with all that mem'ry wakes to feel
The portrait of her maiden bloom long ta'en.
Then, Muse, assert thy power and reveal
Thy votary's creation in this vein;
Rude tho' it be, the subject may appeal
To better judgments, and this strain
With such may breathe when I am lowly lain.

II.

Sing of the Mute whose life's alternate dream
Was one of bliss and direst agony,
Sustaining life through each in its extreme,
When many mayhap would have ceased to be.
But, then, his nature—by the touch supreme—
Was strongly fashion'd as his native tree,
That springs elastic from the storm, to seem
Tow'ring alone in strength of beauty free;
Yet, on *that* spot where shot the lightning's gleam—
With all its scarce-perceived rapidity,
Remains the scar left by th' electric stream,
Unseen by all—save those who strive to see,
With curious eye, Nature's deformity.

III.

'Twas his to have all that became a man
Save that one boon which heralds to the sense
Wisdom or folly; when attention can
Smile on the one or frown the other hence.
And thus it was since, being first began,
He grew in life with love for all intense,
Yet shunn'd his kind; in youth they ever ran
To shape derision. 'Twas no consequence.
He grew superior—how knowledge can;
And he was radiant with intelligence
That joy'd to glance o'er breathing Nature's span;
There silent wing on flower-distilled incense,
Thanks to the Ruler of the all-immense.

IV.

I mentioned that he rather shunn'd than took
To blend him with his kind. 'Twere hard to bear,
Deprived of converse, pity's word and look;
There was but one upon this broad earth fair
From whom such glance or accents he could brook—
It was a mother's for her only care,
That hover'd o'er the offspring ne'er forsook,
Her bosom held it sure and lonely there,
A part of self that oft that bosom shook—
Surely the holiest shrine of prayer
Where wounded feeling yet itself betook;
For she, and she alone, may truly share
The anguish and assuage the pangs you wear.

V.

How oft the mind, unconscious of the deed,
Will strike another like a venom'd dart,
Nor turn to soothe the wound so caused to bleed
Though it perchance should rankle with the smart.
There are, 'tis true, who'd rather feel indeed
Severest tortures than a pang impart,
And claim for this no other sweeter meed
Than witness pleasure to the sad eye start.
The mind deformed this worth must ever need.
'Tis sensitiveness all refined apart
To heaven-born lustre. Oh! what a freed
And blessed spirit of the world, thou art
Seen in the polish of each nobler part!

VI.

Call to thy aid, ye of high feelings blest,
Reflection's beam, philosophy's true guide;
Behold with all that virtue hath caressed
The human lips on earth that never lied!
What sentiments those twin gates did arrest
As from the bright soul's avenues they hied,
Perhaps such as some statesman had expressed
That sealed him ever as a nation's pride;
A language buried in the living breast
And the inscription o'er its tomb denied.
How surely yearning for its final rest
In that high home its latent powers descried,
There to receive what earth had not supplied.

VII.

The well-timed utt'rance of a moment may,
When genius prompts, win well-deserved acclaim,
When years of labour with the pen might lay
Nought to compare within the niche of fame.
Wit is the lightning of the mind at play,
Dazzling the gazers with its brilliant flame;
A comet whirling through the starry way,
Not lost—passing as sudden as it came;
A living halo opening from a ray
Of the immortal's temporary frame.
Poor silent child, thy thinkings well betray
This truth sublime, which bids thy spirit blame
Thy shrinking genius for its glance of shame!

VIII.

Yet had he loved with passion rarely known.
Too pure and lofty to assume despair,
Born from the fire of an Australian zone,
It woo'd endurance, suffering none to share.
And yet how beautiful through all 'twas shown
To save a pang from that loved bosom fair;
Albeit it pierced but deeper in his own
To test how far the true brave man could bear.
His was devotion! Shrined in truth alone,
Trembling on wings of modesty to dare.
Oh! beautiful as oil refined it shone,
Whose lambent flame is kindled but to wear
Itself away to please some spirit there!

IX.

Nor was it born of manhood's stern desire,
From whence strange circumstance had helped to raise
In him contentment's funereal pyre;
But took its being from long-remembered days,
When graceful youth engenders softer fire,
Which ne'er through thousand after love's decays.
And she who ruled o'er his young mind's empire,
And swayed the current of his thoughts always—
The child of one, the partner of his sire
In thriving trade that won them wealth and praise—
Had breathed enchantment o'er him with her lyre
Full oft. If earth holds joy, 'tis when the lays
Of other times the loved one softly plays.

X.

Hope whispered bliss, truth rendered agony;
For she, vain beauty of the polished brow,
Surveyed within the temple of his eye
The goddess meekly throned. Nor wondrous how,
For instinct taught her, and upheaved the sigh,
From sorrow's fount for love destined for woe.
Too proud to whisper that its breath must die
Apart from hers, she watched it lonely grow;
For how could she, accomplished woman, tie
Her lot to such, and there fond love bestow,
To be the jest of every passer-by
That chose t' insult the dumb man's bride? We know
Some women's thoughts in such a strain to flow.

XI.

She deemed it more the ingrate's part to tell
Him why that love could never be returned,
For when a child into a stream she fell
To owe existence to the form she spurned.
Yet be it said with truth of her as well,
Did sickness hover, she of all had learned
To tend the couch and watch the pulses swell,
Hushed the loud tread, check'd the rude tongue that burned
To waken converse; then, 'mid the silent spell,
Speak of that home where good deeds are inurned
Till the spirit fled from its fragile shell
On wings of faith for which it ever yearned.
So had she still the name of woman earned.

XII.

I saw a man, whose aged form was bent
Upon a crutch; he stept so slow indeed
As not to 'scape the rushing car, that sent
Him prostrate on the earth, and made him bleed.
Each passer stopt with curious intent,
Till grew a crowd around the wretch of need;
Nor hand was stretched, nor aught of succour lent,
To aid the form misfortune seemed to lead.
Some spake of pity as they passing went,
Whilst from the scene they view the Jehu speed.
And these were Christians! Virtue must lament
That such can be where misery will plead.
Yet such is man, who claims the Christian's meed.

XIII.

One to the spot, but of the gentlest kind,
With quick and anxious step, there sudden came;
Pallid with pain the sufferer reclined,
Whose pleading eye brought close the lovely dame.
One glance indignant from that noble mind
Surveyed and pierced th' unfeeling there with shame.
Then to the generous task her thoughts confined.
Upon the hard cold pave was bent the tender frame,
And she performed the work of womankind—
To moist the lip and bind the cruel maim—
Till all her care was to the paid consigned.
Generous lady, did I know thy name,
'Twould blazon here to gild my simple fame!

XIV.

That tribute paid, now to my theme again.
The mute lived on till time revealed—too late—
She loved another; yet his tortured brain
Hid all anguish, save when in bridal state
She bloomed beside the altar, and the fane
Echoed her vow—the omen of his fate.
Then, only then, his struggle was in vain,
As hope succumbed beneath the overweight
Of unrequited love, and with a strain
In one loud groan it burst the tongueless gate.
He staggered—clutched for something to sustain
His sinking form, that struck the floor prostrate,
Where the lone soul forgot 'twas desolate.

XV.

He lay unconscious, and the favoured few
That smiled around, the hymeneal pair to grace,
Judged not the cause, though to his help some flew
And raised and bore him gently from the place.
One only there of all the many knew
The secret cause, which others failed to trace.
She knew he'd loved her, passionate and true,
But deemed that time love's power would erase.
Ah! that vain heart had never dreamt there grew
A constancy death only can efface!
And yet, alas! how often do we view
This jarring discord in the human race,
Tempting the fate kind nature woo'd t' embrace.

XVI.

They thought it strange—the curious that surveyed
On that eventful day the bridal scene—
How one big tear the bride's bright eye betrayed,
And passed a cloud across her lovely mien.
But momentary was that passing shade,
Then all again seemed tranquil and serene.
Whether 'twas sorrow for the wreck she made—
A parting tear for what had nobly been—
Or that, relenting of her choice, she paid
For that lost love the first of torments keen,
'Twere hard to tell. But oh! do not upbraid.
Is't not enough that she henceforth must lean
On one that's mated to a love so mean?

XVII.

And he, the speechless one, recovered, not
To feel the fragrance of her presence more,
As in that past which doomed his future lot
And every shred of finer feeling tore.
The Man looked up! There are on earth who've got
A strange endurance, all reserved in store—
Who, when they bend beneath the bolt that's shot,
And seem to stagger most, as all were o'er,
Rise, like a god, superior from the spot,
That testified the worst that feeling bore.
But never—never can *it* be forgot.
That struck too sure, and left the inward sore—
A bosom-blight, embittering all before!

XVIII.

Now honour bade him fly the whisp'ring crowd
And his maternal hearth. High mountains rude,
Whose jutting brows sustained the storm-charged cloud,
'Twas his to climb and reach in breathless mood.
Anon, beneath the evening's mellow shroud,
In the drear forest's lonely solitude—
But broken by the dingos' [2] howling loud,
Or frogs' harsh notes from waters in the wood—
Himself would seek repose as fate allowed;
And where the green-leafed tapestry had woo'd
Exhausted Nature, while they o'er him bowed
Upon that grassy couch, so lightly dewed,
Hath calmly slept, and oft the past eschewed.

XIX.

At any hour to be the solitaire,
Free from the prying of offensive sight—
It is, in truth, a pleasant thing to share
The summer quiet of Australia's night,
With the bright moon majestically there,
Robed with the presence of each satellite,
And scarce a dew, born of the azure air,
To throw its polish on the glancing night;
Nor yet a breath betrays its cradling care
Of myriad leaves that chequer all so bright.
Then, if the soul is fond as night is fair,
Ev'n though a world hath seared it with the blight
Of disappointed passions, still it might—

XX.

Nay, will fling ope its portals joyously,
That from the grief-worn prison thought may leap
Through eloquence to thrilling liberty!
Nights of beauty that our summers keep,
True mothers of high-born resolves are ye.
Ye woo the restless from the lap of sleep,
And fan the fire that slumbers in the e'e.
Ye kiss to dry the tears thy votaries weep—
The secrets draw from their hearts' sanctuary.
Beyond thy radius, in that shoreless steep,
Glisten the wonders of the Deity
That wake sublime perplexity to creep
With awe along the vision's mental sweep.

XXI.

With the wild magpies in their glad preface
Of the approach of an Australian dawn
Would rise the solitary one, and place
By wind-fall'n tree a blaze to cheer the morn;
Then seek the brook that babbled in its race
From mountain spring or umbrage-covered lawn,
And gather freshness in its chill embrace.
Soon, unmolested by a hireling's fawn,
Prepare the simple meal with patient grace;
This quick despatched, the load so daily borne
Is neatly bound, not to impede the pace,
Cast on the shoulders, fitted where 'tis worn,
And then he starts—the traveller has gone.

XXII.

He's gone, but not to chronicle a name—
No paid explorer with a banded few;
He's gone to win, beyond the breath of blame,
Forgetfulness, 'mid Nature's changing hue.
How many pass in loneliness the same,
Save that they have a different aim in view—
Poor struggling souls that never dream of fame,
Nor have a wish beyond their toil to do.
Onward they went where barbarous breezes came,
O'er pathless deserts where destruction grew,
Through wilds where yet ne'er moved the blush of shame,
Leaving their bones to bleach where none e'er knew;
Winds for their requiem, and for tears the dew. 3

XXIII.

Oh! England—cradle of the wise and brave—
Whose spirit peoples the antipodes,
How vain at parting were the tears you gave
For many a son's return, as the breeze,
Winging the good ship through the baffled wave,
Bore on its motion to these distant seas
Devoted hearts to find a lonely grave.
Yea, they are gone, and bosoms not at ease
Oft blame the truant that could so behave
With silence cruel. Oh! knew they the trees
Moan o'er the tombless one their hollow stave,
That wintry truth might well the warm life freeze;
And bid the throbbings of the faithful cease.

XXIV.

Home of the stranger and the genial sky!
Victoria! There's something in the accord
To traverse thee at will, unquestioned why;
Free from the lurements of each act abhorred;
With soul unfettered, bearing proud and high;
To gather rapture from the things that's stored
In thy prolific lap with gladdening eye,
And ponder yet on distance unexplored.
The daring soul of future time must try
To conjure visions of the secret hoard
Caverned where oft the glance has hurried by,
As stalwart miners, ever hopeful, bored
Earth's bosom keenly for their toil's reward.

XXV.

Thine was the shore, nor vain the Spaniard sought,
Who stamped his name among the sea-famed great,
As his rude bark, with thousand dangers fraught,
Searched ocean round these seas to navigate;
And, safe returning to his native port,
His monarch's presence reached with step elate;
There proudly ope'd the summary of thought
That breath'd of realms accruing to the state.
Why paused his countrymen? Set they at naught
His patriot zeal, and deemed it idle prate?
Had they no lesson from Columbus caught
Of their clime's heroes? 'Twas their curse to wait
Till the same hand grasped both within its fate!

XXVI.

Oh! fresh-turned page in Nature's mighty tome—
Great sister of the Australias! how dear
Thou surely wert to him who with the foam
Battled for freedom as thy strand grew near;
And, grimly smiling on his desert home,
Dried memory's fountain with a farewell tear;
Then inland steered, uncertain where to roam.
So that the chain his limbs no more should sear,
What matter what or where the exile's doom?
Why start the savages with new-born fear?
See they the spirit of their chieftain come
From his lone grave? Else why doth *he* appear,
And in his grasp *that* monumental spear?

XXVII.

And, then and there, they claim him as their king,
Returned to lead them in their native wood.
Some yell with joy, and, round him gathering,
They rival each the tendering of food;
Whilst curious antics round him others fling
At his changed aspect and his altered mood,
Opine it strange why he should fail to bring
Words of their tongue so sweetly understood.
Then one steps forward, and begins to sing,
In his wild way, of foes their chief subdued,
As if that chant were the awakening
Of dead remembrance. Vainly had it woo'd
One glance to speak the past before that brood.

XXVIII.

Firm in belief, they give obedience true
To that white outcast, that he lived among
The hills and valleys of that sable crew
Full thirty summers, till his mother-tongue
Had lost its meaning; for his instincts grew
To that rude life so strongly that he hung
Rather to it than sought the white men's view
In later year. Yet where he often flung
The jagged spear, and twirling boomerang too,
The intellectual notes of Europe rung
To his own knowledge; yea, in age he knew
Where all his better part of life had clung
An infant empire to existence sprung!

XXIX.

But not the least, as time must certify
In archives the historic hand shall trace;
Is not the index to her intents high
In golden letters on her infant face?
Lo! here a realm, long tempered with a sky
Of endless summer wooes the populace
Of o'erswelled nations seeking to descry
A place of habitation. Here is space
For myriads; here true nobility
Smells in the blossom of a sturdy race,
Schooling their offspring for the dignity,
That wait the humblest in each lofty place,
A nation yields to intellectual grace.

XXX.

Lo! where afar the hardy squatter chose
His temporary home, o'er plain and height
The sun-tanned visage of the shepherd goes
From day to day as pastures new invite
That teem in their luxuriant repose
To woo the ploughshare to their genial site.
Ye broad domains! brief is the sway of those
Stern pioneers, the fathers of our might,
Though much we owe them whom they deem their foes!
Have they not made our high esteem their right?
Or why the gore that round the savage flows—
The butchered wife, the slaughtered babe, to sight—
'Neath a charred roof and ne'er-forgotten night?[6]

XXXI.

Their courage strode through death to civilise,
And fix a landmark to futurity;
With all on earth pinned to the high emprise—
Their guerdon only what they won to be.
These truths too well—and yet he could despise—
The mason knew when, 'mid the acclaim, he
Championed the threat that rose into the skies
From thousand tongues through their enfranchised glee.
The sober morrow viewed clear reason rise
Rather to thank the squatter family,
Since they were bound by all the closer ties
Which make young countries vibrate joyfully—
A part of that which shapes their destiny.

XXXII.

And thou, their foe! raised by thy kind to sway,
Why stoop'd thy genius to thy vanity?
What brightening halo round thy class to-day
Had blessed their constant toil, caught all from thee,
Could'st thou have shunned the wily tongues that lay
Around thy daily path! Did sense not see,
So dazzled by the flattery of its way,
To grow so mean in others' memory,
And sweep the immortal glory from decay!
Raised by the fire of young democracy,
Which cheered a coming empire with its ray,
Thou, like a pebble cast into the sea,
Made but a bubble, sinking noiselessly!

XXXIII.

To champion labour in its noblest stage,
To shoot to glory from a thing unknown,
To feel each deed must future good presage,
To be the casket of a people's tone—
The pillar of their dignity! T' engage
For this earth's wisest well might own
That duty lofty in the greatest sage.
Shades of the brilliant dead! cannot the gone
Bestow a lesson to the living age?
Are there so few of sterner metal grown
To emulate the histrionic page?
Oh! who shall say, when first the seed is sown,
Much is the fruit, until the crop be shown?

XXXIV.

Yet I do owe a thankful tribute still
Even to thy memory, and I feel
That my soul yearns to pay it with good will.
Though harsh appear my musings when they wheel
Round the contemplative past, I fulfil
That which I deem my mission; for the seal
Of duty is a sacred thing, and till
This hour ne'er dreamed I to reveal
Aught of thee in this verse, save to instil
Herein thy life's best throbs, where no appeal
Of a deserving kind was lost. A rill
Of generous waters through thy breast did steal,
And pity's voice forbade it to congeal.

XXXV.

Not studious thou; for in her turbulence
Nature had reared thee, and at times would lend
Thy lips a cataract of eloquence,
Till men grew maddened; yet thou wert the friend
Of such as laboured with the mind intense,
In humble guise, to serve some goodly end.
Thy faults were foreign to thy better sense,
And stole into thy system but to rend
Judgment asunder. Leave them to perish, whence
Nought but thy virtues may arise to blend
Within the nobler mind their sweet incense,
So that perchance upon thy name attend
The tear the generous bosom may commend.

XXXVI.

Now would I pause, and memory picture forth
The realm of gold, the magnet that hath drawn
Thousands to girdle with their steps the earth;
The yellow sun that rose on reason's morn
To flatter thought with days of future worth,
Apparel hope with robes of fancy born,
Till judgment staggered with its blissful girth.
I see them still, close like a field of corn,
Stretching o'er hill and vale in eager mirth,
Those busy thousands. How the soil is torn
By myriad hands to give the idol birth!
That blended mass one common aim hath borne,
Nor shall it cease till earth itself be gone!

XXXVII.

And there be those of many a clime and race,
  Tanned with the beams of their own native sun;
And there be those who every grade embrace,
  Joyous in that the wished-for goal is won;
Yet each distinct, classed by their camping-place,
  Though all commingling in the toil as one.
And there be hands so delicate to trace,
  Whose palms must bleed ere day's career be done.
What matter that? The expectant heart can face
  Its self-earned torture in the task begun.
Wealth lies below. To-morrow's light may chase
    All pain away. Hope gilds the chance they run—
    The golden hole 's an antidote fails none!

XXXVIII.

Now shafts are deepened; and another day
Heralds the prospects to excitements' view,
As fortune's sons from earth's embosomed clay
The rugged ore with joy delirious drew.
Ah! then the creek 'twere pleasant to survey!
On either side, far as the vision threw,
A thousand washers in their rude array
Bend to a toil, and none superior knew;
Others to these the precious dirt convey,
Linger a moment till the panning 's through,
Resume their sacks, and hurry back where they
Soon at the mine eager reload anew,
And there report as worse or better grew.

XXXIX.

Meantime the teamsters line the dusty road,
Whose shouts discordant on the sheen air rise
'Mid coarsest oaths on lagging ox bestowed,
Till some poor beast the smarting lash defies,
And sinks, outwearied with the ponderous load.
Lo! by the scene a sorry rider tries
With labouring blows his jaded steed to goad:
His hapless plight some humorous digger spies,
On gibes intent at this equestrian mode;
And tempest lungs give concert to the skies,
Till luckless wight curses this episode
In his life's calendar, and, as he hies,
Prays earth to ope, and tear him from their eyes.[8]

XL.

But who are these to whom the digger yields
Obedience prompt, when questioned for his "right?" [9]
The collar white and blue serge frock reveals
Them of the law—their bay'nets fixed, its might!
See, one unlicensed from the question wheels,
And negatives it with a speedy flight.
Three of the band dart swift upon his heels,
Not easy baffled, and with step as light,
Upon whose ears the rolling laughter peals,
Till flagging duty is renerved by spite.
Short is the chase—the panting victim feels
The grasp that dooms him to the tree to-night,
Chained, like a beast, to mourn his wretched plight. [10]

XLI.

Down time's ethereal stairway behold
Sol leading daylight to a mellow end,
Thimbling the forest finger-leaves with gold
Ere yet he bids the star-browed night attend.
Sudden she droops o'er the invaded wold;
Soon riv'ling fires their cheerful radiance blend
With taper lights, that through each tent's thin fold
Throw their dim flickerings. Friend visits friend,
Where stories to invoke the laugh are told,
Hast'ning the hours, and well-armed parties send
Flash after flash, thickening, as shouts are rolled
Upon the air, till drowsy sleep doth lend
Her dewy pinions o'er that host to bend.

XLII.

So pass the hours that number up the week
To usher in the seventh day of prayer;
No warning bells their joyful welcome speak—
No spacious fane of much-loved worship 's there.
It recks not much, since man may truly seek
The good material for life's wall, and rear
Thoughts plumbline to the work, with spirit meek,
Even in the compass of his tent. Enter where
The pious digger will, his Bible eke,
In linen wrapt by one of gentler care,
It ever rests a pillow to his cheek,
When to the rude couch his weary limbs repair—
A Sabbath solace and companion rare.

XLIII.

Now stand without. Here let thy traverse gaze
Enraptured shoot along the gold-traced line.
How hill and vale their burrowed hillocks raise;
What snowy tents along the distance shine!
Behold a group encircling one who stays
The Sabbath idlers with his words divine—
A gum-tree temples from the summer's blaze
As on the grass they sit or half recline—
To whom—a log his pulpit—standing, he conveys
Words of great moment, as ye may opine.
"Who makes their sepulchre?" he warning says,
"Who first to death to-morrow may consign,
Unshrived, uncoffined, in the treacherous mine?"

XLIV.

Thus he exhorts. But something more meanwhile
Woos the observant eye to contemplate.
From far and near many pedestrians toil,
As men will do who have no time to wait.
See where the post arrives! Each self-exile
From home endeared, doth now anticipate
The near-got bliss that swells the missive pile—
Nor long impatient the expectants prate
Whose questions served, soon quit the clamorous file
To mingle with the crowd that congregate
Around the spot.[11] What happy faces smile
Through beards untrimmed! Remembrance grows elate
To recognise whom years kept separate.

XLV.

There men recount, as moving to and fro,
With pride of soul their joy cannot suppress,
To others Fortune favoured even so,
How short a space beheld them in distress,
Wandering adventurers, and then, lo!
Steeped in the maddening whirlpool of success;
Then in the past prophetic glimpses show
Of their fate's guidance. Yet not all confess
The soul's absorption in this great change; no,
Bosoms are thrilling with a theme that press
Love's quick return, and as they tentward go,
Reads and re-reads the words of gentleness
The much-prized missive hath conveyed to bless.

XLVI.

Ye glorious diggings 'neath a summer clime!
I saw thy dawn, and mayhap had my part
Of thy best hours; but knew not then to chime
A stripling's thoughts to ease a future smart,
Else were I not now struggling for a rhyme,
Outstripping patience in the curious art.
'Tis as it is! That *regret* is a crime
Which through the veins of adverse moments dart
To embitter man's little round of time,
And dull the edge of energy. The heart
Is his to know and feel the true sublime,
Who lets no slips of yesterday upstart
The solid purpose of to-day to thwart.

XLVII.

Mount Alexander! Bendigo! and ye
Succeeding yielders of the magic ore,
That grew into a tiara of wealth, to be
A marvel and an envy to each shore!
There have been, where beats some other sea,
Regions the gold-seeker not vainly saw
To gather treasure from the sand, then flee
The exhausted place that to a desert wore.
But ye grow mightier! Fate doth decree
Thy realms no desert, but a dwelling for
The traders of the earth. Thy pedigree
Ages shall strengthen, as time's hoarded store
From dizzy depths by steam-armed strength is tore!

XLVIII.

And thou, famed Ballarat, their sister-queen!—
But with thee hereafter would I twine my lay,
For peradventure I too long have been
From him who woke the subject I essay.
Yet if the drops of recollection wean
The soul from romance into truths, and they
Shower softly down to keep remembrance green,
Should it not be my pardon, and allay
The tone of censure; for surely I did mean
This much, and would pursue it as I may,
That in the whole some beauty may be seen
As not unworthy of a future day,
Nor deem my labour wasted thus away.

END OF FIRST CANTO.

NOTES TO THE MUTE.

1. Upon the same day, previous to my writing the two foregoing stanzas, a poor decrepit old man, supported by a crutch, had reached the centre of Elizabeth and Lonsdale streets, when he was knocked down and driven over by a brutal carman, who, too intent upon his own safety, drove rapidly away. No police were about, and a crowd began to make inquiries as to the nature of the accident; yet, singular to tell, not one man was generous enough to attend to the poor fellow, when, by good fortune, a lady arrived upon the scene. She only saw that a human being was in agony. Without asking the cause, she at once sent for some cordial to moisten his lips, and used every available remedy to alleviate his pain, until the police arrived and conveyed him to the hospital.

2. These animals—better known as native dogs—are not unlike the fox in appearance, and, before the diggings had opened up the country, they were a great annoyance to the traveller, following upon his steps for days, and each night, keeping a respectful distance from his fire, would raise the most discordant howls, which were anything but pleasant; indeed they were more a pest than dangerous in such cases. The shepherds were the class who had most cause to dread them, for it was in the fold where they made havoc, and it required the greatest vigilance to protect the flock from these night prowlers.

3. It is no uncommon occurrence in Australia to discover the skeletons of unfortunate travellers who have perished in the wilds from want of water or food, through having lost the track that led to some out-of-the-way station.

4. Quiros.

5. Buckley. This remarkable person, when a youth, escaped from a transport ship with two other lads; but the want of sufficient nourishment soon made the latter repent the course they had pursued, and, returning to the ship, they left Buckley to his fate. It was his lot to be discovered by a tribe of savages as he stood examining a spear which was fixed by the grave of one who had been their chief. It is said to this the runaway owed his life, for the natives, believing him to be the spirit of their deceased king, welcomed him with every demonstration of joy; hence the well-known expression, "Go down blackfellow, come up whitefellow." After thirty years residence among them, when he forgot a portion of his native language, he was discovered by Gellibrand.

6. There can be no question as to the dangers the squatters had to contend with when building their homes in the very heart of the savages, as witness the fate of poor Mr. Wills and his family.

7. It is asserted that the late Mr. Don, when declaiming against the squatters, exclaimed, "We will drive them over the Murray with their own stockwhips."

8. Most old colonists will remember that the road ran parallel with the creek when the Forest Creek diggings were in their glory, hence the

new arrival had little chance of escaping the ridicule without taking to the bush.

9. The license hunters.

10. There was no lock-up at the time alluded to, and, as a means of safety, all those apprehended for mining without a license were chained to a tree till such time as they appeared before the Commissioner.

11. The old post-office hill on Forest Creek.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

(The following lines were written beside the body of my child, on the morning of her death.)

HUSH! since the pattering feet do cease,
  Grief holds her silent reign;
To satisfy the dread disease
  Another victim 's ta'en;
And the tiny throb that lived to please
  Is stilled in every vein,
    Now Remmy's gone.

The lisp that thrilled a parent's heart
With all the sense of bliss
Can never more its power impart
In such a world as this;
But to the front of memory start
In tears o'er that we miss,
Now Remmy's gone.

The smile that welcomed each embrace
Sits sweetly on her now;
I in each rigid dimple trace
What death must fain allow—
That halo of celestial grace
Which lights an angel's brow—
Now Remmy's gone.

All that my bosom cradled sweet,
To her alone confined,
Lies crushed and withered at my feet,
And I awake to find
That where they blossomed I must greet
A void within the mind,
Now Remmy's gone.

I do not wish her back again,
Though sorely I am tried;
Yet something whispers through my pain,
"Oh! would she had not died!"
But in my fondness I was vain.
I'm punished for my pride
Now Remmy's gone.

A thousand little acts gone by
Are miniatured in grief;
This burning tear-drop in mine eye
Brings with it some reprieve,
For it unlocks the imprisoned sigh,
And gives the breast relief,
Now Remmy's gone.

'Tis hard to know that death has won
At any time a tear
To drop o'er what his work hath done,
And gem the sacred bier;
But, then, she was our only one,
Which made her doubly dear.
Now Remmy's gone.

ANSWER FROM A LADY IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

WHY tremble we at death? Why do we weep
For those who enter on eternal life?
Life is at best but an ignoble sleep,
Beset with dreams of many cares and strife.

Think not she stays within that narrow bed
Where thou hast laid her; she has wing'd away,
Enrobed in spotless white, her baby head
Circled with gold, to realms of endless day.

Perchance she sighs—if angels sigh—to show
That she was lent to raise thy heart to heaven;
To fill it with a purer, nobler glow
Of love for excellence that has no leaven.

God has recalled her to her heavenly home,
Firmly entwined with tendrils of thy love,
Which, yet unbroken, draw thee to His throne,
And make thy heart and treasure fast above.

KING HENRY I. AND THE REBEL CONAN.

HIGH on Saint Romain's tower,
See England's Henry stand;
The rebel Conan is beside,
A prisoner in his hand.

The monarch's brow is darkening,
For anger stirs his heart
Against the wealthy merchant,
Who bore the rebel's part.

"Look round," he cried to Conan,
"At splendour so serene.
Stocked with its finny tenants,
Calm rolls the noble Seine.

"And there are vessels laden
With merchandise, you see,
For the land of my ancestors,
Which you would rob from me.

"Beautiful still looks the park
Where sport the graceful deer,
Which all of us so loved to hunt
When peace was with us here.

"And there too are the houses,
The churches, and the wall,
Great in strength; and dating back
Time immemorial.

"All the heart of Normandy
Are in those crowded streets;
Is not the sight a fine one
That now your vision greets?"

He ceased, and a deadly smile
Along his features stole.
The fearful purpose of the king
Flashed on the rebel's soul.

A fearful trembling seized him;

In agony he said,

"Have mercy in the name of God,

The universe that made,

"And I will serve thee ever—

Yes, faithfully and well—

Through all the days you spare me,

And never more rebel.

"Have mercy, mighty sov'reign,

And I will give to thee

The riches of myself and friends;

Oh! spare, and set me free!"

But vain the wretch's pleading,
For in the monarch's eyes
Still burned that deadly vengeance
That said, "The rebel dies;"

And the forehead of the king
Grew darker than before,
As with a sudden movement
He backwards pushed him o'er.

From the high Tour de Rouen
Did Conan fall that day,
And on the earth beneath, in death,
A shattered mass he lay.

It seems cold-blooded murder

Was no blemish in a king,

When knights were taught heroic deeds,

In the days of which I sing.

HOW SWEET IS THE PERFUME OF ROSES.

How sweet is the perfume of roses
When borne on the zephyrs of eve,
To sport round the cheek that reposes
On the bosom that cannot deceive.

And joyful to rest is the feeling,
As worn with the toil of the day,
At the hearth where piety's kneeling,
For the glory that springs from decay.

Lo! as sweet is the poet's delight

When he feels the Promethean fire

Light his soul like the beauty of night

With the rays that can never expire.

IN MEMORIAM.

THERE breathed a strain of beauty through his soul,
From nature caught;
A dazzling night-star of the mind—'twould roll
And chain the thought.

He was of those who follow up a deed
Of high intent;
Or failing so, could feel the bosom bleed,
So well he meant.

Prevention's bar, that ever chokes the way
Of humble birth,
Was broke, and genius mounted to the fray
In conscious worth;
And grew a light that fired a nation's youth
To emulate,
As friend or brother in the paths of truth,
Or actor's state.
In marble characters shall live that name—
A people's pride—
Not so much for the thrilling player's fame
As how he died.

A noble vessel, battling with the foam,

Rode merrily.

The morrow clasped within its hidden tome

Dark destiny;

And high spirits looked to the golden shore

Through hope's bright eye,

When fate spoke in the tempest's fiercest roar

That shook the sky,

And the echo rose from the swelling deep

With anger black,

As its cataracts rushed with awful sweep

On the doomed ship's track.

They threw despair from each charging crest

Along the deck.

Soon the maddening shriek proclaims the rest —

She sinks, a wreck.

Unwithered effort makes its wild essay

For dearest life;

But few that strive escape from death to say

How fared the strife.

They tell how, erect in prayerful mood,

With soul serene,

The mighty charmer of the passions stood

In his last scene;

How his farewell words o'er his boundless grave

Were cherished far—

To tell the stage how the "drop" of the wave

Rolled o'er its star.

SONG.

WHEN the bright sun hath set, and the empress of night
O'er the bosom of space holds her love-smiling way,
As those blossoms of heaven—the stars—with delight
Glance sweetly to earth their ethereal ray,

Wilt thou come with me, love, and the beauties I'll sing
Of a lone little isle that is sacred to me,
Where love is as fragrant as blossoms of spring
And wild as the tones that escape from the free.

I will tell thee of waters that wind like the snake
Through a land that is blessed with the dews of the morn,
Where paradise circles each beautiful lake,
While the snow on her mountains is eternally worn.

I will tell thee of hearts in the bosoms she rears
Where the murmur of drooping despair is unknown,
For hope is the watchword she constantly bears,
Its radiance her children may faithfully own.

When I've wearied the theme, and my song shall have ceased,
Should'st thou question the truth of that I avow,
In the ear that my music hath striven to please
I'll whisper its name with a pride-glowing brow.

A RETROSPECTION.

THE gladd'ning sun, the soul of life,
Is up, and calls the world to strife,
For the hov'ring storms of yesterday
Dissolved beneath his burning ray.
And who is he on earth that's born
Shall say he'll see another morn
To revel 'neath the glorious sky
With lips of pride and scornful eye?

Oh! let him pause, whoe'er he be,

Nor sport so near eternity.

Time may each moment snap the hair

On which he hangs, and hurl him there,

In all his sin, to meet the doom

That waits beyond the silent tomb.

Oh! there's in that which yet must be

Seems awfully sublime to me!

An old man walks through his parterre,

To view the flowers that bloom so fair,

And feel the breathing fragrance there

That scents the freshening morning air

Where most they twine, and rise to view

In all their bloom of virgin hue,

Beneath a silver wattle's shade

That shields the odorous home they made.

Close by a hedge that checks the eye

From gazing of the passer-by,

Upon a seat that cunning skill

Fashioned with saplings to its will,

With brow that noble thoughts have won

Where twenty summers scarce have run,

Sits Arthur Wills, that old man's son,

Who views th' approaching sire awhile,

Then starts to greet him with a smile.

"Seldom, my son, hath lovelier morn

To earth's enjoyment yet been born.

I love it, Arthur, for I feel

At times a warning o'er me steal

That I perchance may never see

Or feel another morn as free;

For Time hath claimed thy father now,

And set his seal upon my brow

In many a gathered curve;

Whilst o'er them view how backwards flow

This hair, once sable, turned to snow,

And mark my feeble nerve.

Then should I not the morning, boy,

Prize, that wakes my slumbering joy,

Which doubly thrills me when I see

That thou canst prize it e'en as me."

Him Arthur answered—"Ne'er indeed

Is't mine to know the sluggard's meed.

That heritage perforce may shine

In others' thought, but not in mine.

Who lets the pride of morning roll

O'er him in slumber, robs his soul

Of its best essence. Well, this morn

In contemplation I was borne

Right gladly on by many a place

Where thou hast often stayed to trace

Its history. I deemed the while

The incumbent waves that wash our isle

Must bear to other lands, that shower

Their blessings from progressive power,

The tidings that Victoria's soil

Is rich with hearts of earnest toil,

That from oblivion's grasp could tear

A nation, which henceforth must bear

No common fame——"

"Ah! true, my son,"

Answered the sire—for he had done

Somewhat towards its high advance,

And now he spake with beaming glance—

"Ah! true, my son; it seems like yesterday,

Though forty years have scarcely swept away,

When scenes all strange first opened to mine eye

Where Melbourne now lifts her proud towers high.

One of a few, I was destined to trace

A wider circle for the human race.

Lessoned in hardship, to a sister shore

We bade farewell, and o'er the blue wave bore.

Then the dark savage 'neath the red gum's shade

Told o'er his deeds with bosom undismayed.

How, home returning from the chase, he spies

The stealing foe in ambush to surprise.

He yells the war-cry of his tribe around,

That makes the warriors from their mi-mis bound.

Soon through the air the hurtling spear did fly,

Whose venomed point told whom it pierced must die;

Whilst whirléd keen towards where the foemen sprang,

With practised force, the crooked boomerang.

Here lay the waddy, there the indented shield,

That spoke the contest of a closer field.

Showed the stone hatchet notchéd with the strife

When blow met blow as courage aimed for life;

Then, conquering, how with one acclaim of glee

They paint to dance the wild corrobboree.

Perhaps the tale was told with pride, for they

Perchance were there who shared the fight that day.

Or in some ear that each fond breathing drank

He told love's accents on the Yarra's bank,

Whilst languished she, the sable-bosom maid,

Half pleased, half angry, at the tale delayed;

Yet when 'twas told, and love could say no more,

She silent yearned again to hear it o'er.

Mayhap he spoke of what his skill could do,

Hid by the branch, to spear the kangaroo;

Or chase the emu in its rapid stride

Till by his weapon on the plain it died;

How climb with tomahawk in hand so free

Right to the summit of the highest tree;

Tear the opossum from its home at last,

To make the rug that sheltered from the blast;

And then conclude, with all a warrior's fire,

To win the maid he'd battle with her sire.[1]

There spread a light—divinest gift of God—

Whose genial ray blessed many a distant sod.

'Twas borne afar—cradled on every wave—

Till freedom's root gave blossom in the slave.

The world beheld advancing in the van

Enlightenment, that so ennobled man.

Each state was strengthened, and the poor man's lot

Endeared him to his country and his cot.

It reached these waters in a fragile ship,

Where stern resolve was breathed from Fawkner's lip;

For know this much, he was our head, my son,

Or did we not what else were nobly done.

Nor won the savage that with fear had fled

From what he deemed the spirit-risen dead.[2]

Up rose our dwellings by yon emerald rise

As others came to swell the enterprise;

Those pioneers, whose ashes far away

Rise up the glory of a future day.

All saw the forests and the extending plains,

Explored their worth—some perished for their pains.

Yet why lament, since for pervading good

Earth holds her dead in distant solitude?

Soon from the sod the rugged gold they drew;

On wonder's wing the startling knowledge flew—

Not then as now, like to the speed of thought,

On speaking wires the present days have caught,

But a more lagging process—till it sprung

In other lands exciting from the tongue.

The throng of thousands—for no power delayed—

Far from their homes the swelling wave conveyed;

But chiefly those who hurried to the soil

Were strong in thought and energetic toil.

Will rose o'er matter, for our genial shores

Won unity in one gigantic cause,

And few returned to seek their homes afar,

But struggled here, and made us what we are—

The germ of what in coming time must be

A mighty empire of the southern sea;

This much at least the nations will accord,

As glorious commerce triumphs o'er the sword.

The tinkling bell proclaimed the breakfast hour,

And Arthur led his sire from the bower.

NOTES TO THE RETROSPECTION.

1. When an aboriginal of Australia takes to himself a wife, he is said to try his warlike powers with the father of the bride.

2. See note in Mute.

TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON HIS ARRIVAL IN VICTORIA.

We hail thee from the ocean,
Thy chosen field of play,
That's borne thee on its motion
To th' welcome of to-day,
From fair ones that surround thee
With sweetest blessings fraught,
From sterner thousands round thee
In loyalty of thought.

We welcome thee to beauty,
Where kingly souls abound,
Clothed in their garb of duty
With brightest freedom crowned.
Our fathers' spirits here
Have come across the sea,
And through all the atmosphere
Breathed freedom's legacy.

'Tis not to a lofty name,
Or many titles high,
We pour aloud the acclaim
That "lives along the sky."

'Tis not that a prince hath deigned
  Awhile our guest to be,
Nor is it that we are trained
  In feats of pageantry!

No! something more demands it.
  The love we bear for one
Beyond the seas commands it
  To reach her through the son.
That noblest of earth's daughters,
  Whose name each people's breast,
Wherever throbs the waters,
  Hath gratefully caress'd.

Old Time hath got but newly
A country born to fame,
And on its bosom truly
There breathes a woman's name.
It has pledged its very soul
To keep unsullied here
That loved name as ages roll
Along their swift career.

For the actions of the good
Will charm the hearts of men.
It steals o'er every mood,
And stamps remembrance then,

Winning from the multitude

A monument of love,

Telling that on earth is strewed

Sweet gleanings from above.

NOTE.—This address was presented to His Royal Highness, on his first arrival in Victoria, through the hands of His Excellency Sir J. H. T. Manners-Sutton.

TO SIR WILLIAM FOSTER STAWELL.

FORGIVE the verse which strives awhile to draw
Thy mind aside from avenues of law,
Whose maze demands each studious mote of time
To shield the guiltless or to punish crime;
Not that upon thy generous worth I try
To thrust my couplets with a pleading eye
Or mean-born utterance, craving favour's nod—
No, free as air, no master but my God!

Yet thankful still to him who watched my good,

And turned my steps, half fearful to intrude,

On thy stern presence in my simple mood.

Oh! wisdom's kindness hath a magic power

I never knew till that one joyous hour!

Though oft before across my spirits creep,

I've felt its want, and, woman-like, would weep.

The bitter pang I could not help but own

That left me thus untutored and alone:

A virgin soil, that only asked the care

And culture of the skilful hand to bear.

Oft when along Australian paths I've been,

On mountain's top, in sweet vale's shady scene—

When Nature woke and all her rich perfume
Breathed softly through the immensity of room,
And every leaf upon her bosom fair
Has gently trembled while I nestled there—
My wild desires lived but to serve a shore
Spurned by the world, yet loved by me the more;
And bade me strive, with all a minstrel's fire,
To strike in song my rude unpolished lyre,
And lift my thoughts, linked with the sweet essay,
To something higher than earth's common clay.
The voice of learning came, and thine was ta'en,
The first that had not learned to mock my strain.
No glance deriding did thy soul betray,

For justice marked what truth preferred to say—

That truth which rose, despite a people's grudge,

To mould the statesman, orator, and judge.

'Tis godlike to be generously wise—

The truly noble knows not to despise.

Oh! were this lesson cherished in the heart,

What truth and joy would humankind impart;

What genial brightness o'er despair 'twould throw,

And light with hope afresh the drooping brow!

Those hearts of gall, in censure so severe,

Should pause awhile o'er thoughts to nature dear

Ere, with pretence of learning deep, they scan

The noblest works that grace their fellow man,

And strive to crush, as with an iron heel,

The power they know not, yet would die to feel.

Lo! Chatterton, whom memory cannot shun,

Fell, mournful witness of a soul undone.

His brother bard, poor White, of thoughts divine,

Who ask'd of heav'n to pen each glowing line,

Bent his pale brow beneath the malignant frown,

And died in grief to win a world's renown.

These names will start the bosom with a sigh,

And gem with pity's tear the gen'rous eye.

Both knew a chaos of the wildest strife,

To purchase laurels with a short-lived life.

I love the muse, though none the more its slave;

I'll cease to write but when I greet the grave;

And if I fail in that I would fulfil,

Should others laugh and mock my baffled will,

Repentance ne'er upon my thoughts shall touch

Of time and energy misspent so much.

It had an aim, which even slander's pride

Must own was lofty, though in fault it died.

Then let me feel the worst of bitter scorn

From narrow minds, to meanest actions born,

So I beneath one noble voice may soar

To win a name to grace my native shore—

But such a name as only can belong

To those who struggle in the path of song—

That when I die my latest thinkings can

Claim sweet acquaintance with a righteous man,

Whose soul could still to noblest promptings bend,

Yet be the judge with honour o'er the friend.

A HEART TRIAL.

(Dedicated to ARTHUR REMMINGTON, Esq.)

LIFE hath its stern realities! The good, the bad,
Have each their own extremes, and mind's
Creation pales beside what circumstance
Gives to existence. These truths grow firmer
As my years increase, from general converse;
And 'tis because I know thou lov'st to hear
Of unpretentious virtue that now I
Breathe, in this lone hour, to thee my thinkings.

'Twas four o'clock—and here, in summer time,
'Tis the welcome hour of toil's cessation.
I left the scene of my day's business,
Accompanied by one who came
Part of the way that leads to where I dwell.
We stopped where two roads crossed to say "good bye;"
Yet still we lingered, for some fresh idea
Rushed on the mind, and would have utterance;
For we had dwelt upon those thrilling lores
The finer mind of the mechanic loves;
And past us trudged the weary sons of toil,
Each in his own peculiar way, for home.
Still, as they passed, from my companion I

Possessed the tale which I embody thus:

In South Wales—'mid the lovers of the harp,
Whose strains the inspired prophets of old times
Made eternal in their mountains' echo—
There lived two brothers. From their childhood up
Nature had twined their souls with love,
And placed the germ of man's high actions there.
Richard, who was the eldest, when he crossed
The threshold of man's estate, chose a path
Through life such as his milder mood became,
For grace had touched him with her sacred wand,
And lit his soul with glory. From the fields
And mountains of his home he gathered up

The poetry of Heaven; for much he loved

With solitude to temper righteousness,

And fit him for the coming Sabbath,

That when he stood in the high place elect

Of God's own sanctuary, to minister,

His spirit won a pleasure from the task.

Ah! well that young man laboured for the cause

Of his great Master. There beside the couch

Where lived contagion in its grimmest hue,

Unshrinking still, had Richard used to tend,

Winning the earth-bound thoughts to other worlds.

To grapple with the strength of argument

'Mid high opinions—to search humanity,

And with a mental hand unbare the hear --

The younger brother lived. His trade was la-v.

His brief was feeless if the cause was just

When poverty but asked it at his hands.

The rich engaged him, for his truth of soul

And wit severe (with him 'twas native born)

Shaped eloquence full often with success.

Sure never lawyer had a soul more free

From sordid gain, and much was said of how

The brothers' hearts were harmonised as one.

Not in their parish, but a neighbouring one,

Dwelt Catherine—the music of her home,

With thoughts pure as the star whose brightness beamed

From the blue heaven of her magic glance—

Of prosp'rous parents born, whose solace was

To think that they should one day see their child

Well wed. Nor vainly seemed such trust in one

Whose judgment ripened with increase of years.

It was not wondrous, then, that Richard knew

And shared the converse of the modest maid;

Nor was it strange Elias shared the joy

Of such communion as his brother knew.

Months rolled away. Oftimes a visitant

At Catherine's home Elias was—betimes

Richard was there; and so things glid by,

Until one afternoon the brothers met,

T' enjoy some homely talk at Richard's house.

Of talking mood it was their wont to be

On like occasions, but a something now

Checked the free current of their genial speech,

And flung as 'twere a pleasing charm o'er both,

Till spake Elias of the thing at heart,

His breathing forehead opening with a smile.

He'd thought of late what social bliss were his

Should he possess a fitting mate in life,

Such as would make true happiness secure;

Nor deemed he this without sufficient cause,

For one, indeed, whom many did applaud

For those sweet virtues which become a maid

Had thralled his heart with very hope and fear.

Fair favoured she—respected parentage—

In sooth, with all that glitters in her sex,

And whom to see was surely to esteem.

Yet, ere he ventured on the common step

Which Nature treads, he thought perchance 'twere best

His brother shared the knowledge of his will.

Him answered then with satisfactory tone

The elder one, recalling boyhood's days,

When, if a pleasure or a pang was felt,

It was conveyed into the other's breast;

Nor yet had time with one invidious touch

Dimm'd the polish of affection's mirror,

So pure indeed parental guidance wrought.

Full happy he in this his brother's choice,

Since 'twas the law of human kind to wed,

And it behoved the wiser to reflect

With sober eye upon the future cast.

And then he told of Catherine, whom *he* loved,

Nor dreamed 'twas *her* of whom his brother spake,

Till startled nature trembled at the truth

That they were rivals for a woman's love!

Great men are brave—else can they not be great.

The monitor that schools the moral heart

Points far beyond where meaner spirits soar;

There dwells no medium where revenge may lurk;

The wounded bosom, with its torturing throb,
May cease existence in a noble deed,
But not descend to shame th' unblemished past.
Short time for thought the grief-struck brothers crave;
Too mutual they to work the other's cure.
The plan was formed, and Catherine's lips alone
Must fate decide and expectation crush.
Oh! child of beauty, what a task was thine,
Whose words that ancient deputy must bear;
Pregnant with bliss to one—the other woe.
She spake at last, and thus decision made—
"Proud should I feel for honour not deserved,
Since 'tis conferred on one so humble as myself,

But that I feel the grief I must inflict
On one who justly wins esteem from all;
Yet, in the fulness of my heart, I say
I am not worthy of a love like his.
Were Richard not, I'd count it greater joy
To share the heart Elias proffered now
Than wear the gems that mark a monarch's mate.
My single heart can love but only one;
It caught its fire from inspiration's tone,
When from the pulpit eloquence grew forth,
Or rose in orisons to Heaven's high throne.
How was it strengthened in the converse sweet
Distilled from lonely hours as stars waxed bright,

Ere yet I knew his brother felt a thrill

Beyond the thought that claims a sister's care."

He heard his fate, that youthful lawyer, then,

And inly vowed in silence to depart,

Nor be the shade of sorrow to their life.

He kept that vow, and in the school of wit

Weaved for himself a garland of renown,

Nor gazed upon the haunts of youth again.

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